

# **Topeka State Journal** An Independent Newspaper. By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

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**FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.**

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Colonel Roosevelt also appears to be headed in the direction of establishing another world's record—longevity on the witness stand.

"Play Ball" has been going for the season of 1915. Are you going to pay your share to support the Savages as they should be?

Paste this in your hat as a bumper crop prediction. The Kansas alfalfa crop for this year is going to be of astonishing proportions.

Latest news dispatches from Europe would seem to indicate that the Germans are the engineers in charge of "the spring drive" in the western arena of the war.

As the Chicago Herald observes: The United States still continues to proceed on the wise theory that it is better to be unpopular and neutral than popular and shot-up.

Neither can there be any kicking in these parts on the quantity and quality of the April showers for 1915. The only unusual thing about them is that they arrived during the month of April. That is decidedly un-Kansas-like.

As the unusual is always happening, Denver surgeons were successful in removing from the stomach of one of their patients a set of false teeth he swallowed. Generally, in operations of this sort, it is discovered that the victim didn't swallow the teeth at all.

Several Kansas farmers are said to own a California gold mine where rich pay dirt, or quartz has just been struck. But they probably won't pull any more wealth out of it than the bulk of the Kansas farmers do from their fields, which are veritable gold mines of the first water.

Germany also seems to work on the theory that scaring folk to death is the next best thing to landing on them with shells from 42-centimeter guns. She has permitted a report to leak out that one of her most famous squadrons is en route across the Atlantic for the purpose of assaulting the seaport towns of Canada.

If Italy gets what she wants without participating in the war, it will be the easiest picking that ever fell to the lot of any nation. But suppose the Allies eventually win a commanding victory over their Teutonic enemies. Perhaps they'll have something to say as to what will fall into Italy's maw.

Paris newspapers are praising the address by President Wilson before the members of the Associated Press. And while they are yet to be heard from, it is a foregone conclusion that the Berlin papers will express an opposite view. It isn't within the realm of reason that any human utterance of these days would receive the endorsement of both the Berlin and Paris editors.

Certainly the "dandy" in dandelion is appropriate for this year. Never was the crop in these parts of such bumper proportions. Why not organize a local swat-the-dandelion campaign? Evidently the swat-the-fly crusade isn't going to require much energy in Topeka this year. And if the ruthless march of the dandelion is not checked, the magnificent parkings of Topeka will soon be weed beds, as many of them already are.

## **GOLD NOT ONLY CURRENCY.**

What manner of world is it we have made, this modern world dominated by the idea that gold is currency between man and man? asks The New Republic, and continues: For we have not only one currency, but two. It is money indeed which transfers the ownership of things from one person to another, without respect to the relation the thing owned bears to its possessor; but art is the medium for transferring the fullness and meaning of life from one to another personally. As things are, both currencies necessarily persist, and the question is not whether they contradict each

other but on what terms they should be made supplementary.  
Shall the transfer of life by art proceed as incidental to the transfer of things by money, or the transfer of things by money to serve the creation of life? The poverty of civilization, from the point of view of being, is obviously due to its wealth as power of material exchange. Everywhere the creative nature is compelled to observe a standard and a law applicable not to men but to things. And more and more, in consequence, the purchasing power of money decreases with respect to its control of knowledge and enthusiasm.

## **SUPPORT THE SAVAGES.**

Topeka's baseball season for 1915 is at hand. And the important question is, What will its harvest be? In a large measure, the city's baseball enthusiasts have the answer in their keeping. It is a question upon the extent to which they support the team during the earlier stages of its career. Of course, it is impossible to judge the class of the team by its most creditable and encouraging performances at Wichita. But the team looks pretty good. Certain it is that Owner Savage has done wonders with the situation that confronted him when he took over the club.

It is possible that there was sufficient time or material of the quality needed with which to rebuild the Topeka team and remold it into a form of Western League proportions. The trick seems to have been turned, however, and Mr. Savage begins the season with the full confidence of the fans that he is the right man in the right place, and that he will provide Topeka with a team of first division caliber. If he gives half a chance. And the half a chance that he needs is generous support on the part of Topeka's baseball bugs, and especially during the first ten or twelve weeks of the season. The team as it now stands and is playing seems to be entitled to such support. And if some weak spots develop in the team such support is essential to provide the resources with which to plug them in when they appear. So let's get behind Owner Savage and his ball tossers at the beginning of the season and give them the boosting that they deserve; not cheers alone from leather lungs, but two-bit and four-bit pieces from leather pocketbooks.

Topeka's rank and file are responding nobly to Washburn's call. The local endowment subscription has taken on the form of a popular movement in the fullest meaning of the term. The goal is still many thousands of dollars away. But it will be reached. It must be. Failure is impossible after the magnificent showing that has already been made.

## **WAR GOALS AND DEEDS.**

With the uncovering of his plans to make another major and desperate effort to reach Dunkirk and Calais, it is apparent that Germany has not yet shelved her pet desire to invade England. So far, however, the European war has been a struggle in which none of the goals of any of the participants has been reached. At its beginning, Germany figured on overwhelming France and taking possession of Paris before the French got their eyes open to what was going on. She got close, but a miss is as good as a mile in war as in everything else, for the other fellow. The British navy sounded the tom toms and declared that it would proceed to dig the German fleet out of its base like a rat is dug from a hole. Russia was going to make merry in Berlin on Christmas day. Austria intended to wipe Serbia off the map. Nothing was going to stop General Von Hindenberg from marching his forces into Warsaw. The allied fleet announced it would sail through the Dardanelles and call Constantinople on Easter Sunday. France was certain that she would occupy all of the Alsace-Lorraine territory long ago; and so on and so forth. And unless there is an absolute failure of ammunition and supplies on one side or the other, it would appear that the early history of the war in this respect will be repeated during the spring, summer and fall fighting. Germany, it would seem reasonable to urge, is just as near to an invasion of England as she will ever get.

Mellish's comet, that is now staging a movie in the firmament, doesn't seem to be attracting the attention to which it is entitled, probably due to its failure to engage the press agents that Halley's comet had working for it. A recent photograph of the Mellish meanderer shows it to be possessed of a tail of two divergent branches, the longer one of which is probably not less than 3,000,000 miles in length. Some tail, eh?

## **A MUSEUM ON WHEELS.**

A traveling museum that goes to the public schools with illustrative material at the time it is needed is successfully used by the St. Louis, Mo., schools, according to a bulletin issued by the United States bureau of education. It was the exposition of 1904 that first gave St. Louis the opportunity to establish the museum. Among the educational advantages of a great museum. After the fair had closed a number of the exhibitors donated parts of their displays to the public schools, and in this way the nucleus of an educational museum was obtained. When the material for the museum had been grouped, the question of using it most profitably had to be settled. As it was found impracticable to supply every one of the hundred public schools of the city with a separate museum, it was decided that there should be one museum for all the schools and that by means of an automobile truck the museum material should be sent to the various schools. The museum is arranged in close connection with the course of study followed in the schools. Among the groups of exhibits are: "Food products, material for clothing, mounted animals, the life and occupations of different peoples of the

world, charts and colored pictures illustrating history, minerals and ores, and charts illustrating geography, astronomy, and physiology." The museum reports show that in point of popularity the pictorial charts and the display of mounted birds come first. Material for clothing and the exhibit on food products come next in order of demand. The traveling museum of St. Louis has 7,000 individual and duplicate collections; 4,000 lantern slides; 8,000 stereoscopic views, and 2,000 colored charts and photographs. The school authorities make a point of the fact that there is nothing in the traveling museum which can not be used in direct connection with the work of the schools. It contains no curiosities nor abnormalities, no freaks of nature. The main purpose of the museum is to bring facts home to pupils as realistically as possible, and it has been found that the museum is a valuable adjunct to St. Louis' educational facilities, and other cities might well adopt the plan.

## **Journal Entries**

Many individuals waste a lot of valuable time in waiting for their luck to change.

Most folks are optimistic to the extent of believing that they'll do better when they marry again.

A girl seldom seeks release from her engagement to an old kind of a man unless she has a better offer.

How fortunate for society that so few of the bad men are as bad as they have the reputation of being.

What's the answer? Do honestly get home, honestly get along, and get a good assortment of rags long well on a pretty girl?

## **Jayhawker Jots**

A brother to the meanest man, in the opinion of the Minneapolis Better Way, is the guy who keeps his wife and children waiting out in front of the pool hall while he tries to clean up a game of "kelly" inside.

Some traveling, this. On a recent run on Train 39 (Rock Island system), reports the Phillips County Post, Dave Ireland, the engineer, came from Smith Center to Phillipsburg, a distance of 30 miles, in 32 minutes from a standing start.

Observations, by Oley Weaver in his Sedgewick Panograph. Be natural; borrow garments seldom fit well. . . . A genuine milkshake is given by the old cow that kicks the pail. . . . One of the fine arts is to say an untruth in an acceptable manner. . . . You, too, can fill up the public eye if you get up and dust enough. . . . Some men who boast of paying as they go must be mighty slow travelers.

A Holton young man in search of work, struck the waterworks contractor for a job the first of the week, told the Holton Signal. The contractor looked at the young man and over observing his youth and size, said, "I don't believe you will do, you are too light."

The young man insisted that he could do any task and asked to be given a trial. "No," the boss said, "I won't hire a man who isn't big enough to put me in the ditch." The young fellow looked at his coat and in three seconds had the boss in the ditch flat on his back. The boss concluded that further argument was useless in face of the facts and the applicant got the job.

## **Globe Sights** BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

If it weren't so short, the high dive would be the poorest show in the world. A man feels he is diplomatic when his wife accepts his excuses.

Most of the heiresses wouldn't be worth much for anything else.

Possibly people are fond of dogs because a dog can't talk back, and a man who doesn't do very well is apt to blame the town he lives in.

A small town is one where all trains are referred to by their numbers.

One has to associate with railroad men quit awhile to learn their language.

If a man is disposed to be a liar, he can always find something to lie about.

If you are really interested in the question, you don't care to hear both sides of it.

A bachelor has no business knocking the divorce evil. Wotinel does he know about war?

A man who does almost anything for the woman he loves except let her select his neckties.

Neither does a political orator need to get much applause to get all his performance merits.

## **On the Spur of the Moment** BY ROY K. MOULTON.

Odes to a Jitney Bus.  
"Mother may I go out to ride?"  
Said pretty Mabel Hittney.  
"Take a street car," her mother replied.  
"But don't go near a jitney."

Hark, hark, the dogs do bark.  
The jitneys come to town.  
Some are marred and some are scared,  
And some are broken down.

The Hickeyville Clarion.  
Hod Peters says it's great when you kidnap the measles. There hasn't been a bill collector within forty rods of his house for three weeks.

Hank Tumms says his wife has saved up almost enough soap wrappers to get a new washboard.

There was to be an Uncle Tom show "Tibbits" opey here. One night last week, but little Eva stayed on the train and eloped with the baggage man. He is fifteen years younger than she is, but otherwise it is looked upon as a good match.

It seems as though a fellow who wears a belt and suspenders and looks like a good fellow, is more likely to be a scoundrel than a gentleman.

Sounds T. R-ish.  
A "former president" of the United States told Senator Root that the navy was run by "a lot of onion-eyed weasels and stuffed puddings." Who could have said that?—Boston Advertiser.

Let's see. Was "Billy" Sunday ever president of anything?  
Certainly.

We are ready to bet that what Billy Sunday followed in Philadelphia was longer than what Philadelphia got from Billy.—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Well, while agreeing with the brother, it should be borne in mind there must be a winner and a loser in everything.

An Intelligent Child.  
A large map was spread upon the wall and the teacher was instructing the class in geography.

"Horace," said she to a small pupil, "when you stand in Europe facing the north you have on your right hand the great continent of Asia. When you stand in Asia, you have on your left hand the great continent of Europe."

"A wart," replied Horace, "but I can't help it, teacher."

The Original Bonehead.  
One of the want ads:  
LOST—Wanted, by an old gentleman with an ivory head.

Evening Chat  
BY RUTH CAMERON.

Three, Seven and Nine.  
Why is a dozen?  
Why is twelve a fixed stopping place any more than fourteen or eight?

It is easy enough to see why with our numerical system built on decimals, five and ten should be way stations, so to speak, but why twelve?

Argon, the chemist, says he has a way when you start to think of them. And what an individuality some of them seem to have.

Take three for instance. That's pre-eminently the fairy tale number. Everything in fairy tales runs by threes. There are usually three princes, of whom the third and youngest is always the right prince. There are invariably three sisters, of whom, again, the third and youngest is the desirable one. If the prince has to undergo trials of his efficiency there are always three trials.

In the Merchant of Venice, to take a grown-up fairy tale, there are three caskets, and of course it is the third to which the hero's suitors are led which is the right choice. On the other hand, take the fairy tales of our babyhood, how many little pigs did the bad witch try to eat? Three. There are always three bears.

Seven, I believe is supposed to be the mystic number, the symbol of the mystic. It is the number of the seven golden candlesticks, the seven seals, the seven angels with seven trumpets, and the magnificent imagery of him "that holdeth the seven stars in his right hand."

Now take nine. Nine is a first-class number to me chiefly because of a peculiar phenomenon based upon it. Take any number containing several digits. Add the digits, and the digits together, and subtract their sum from the original figures and the digits in the remainder added together will always make nine or a multiple of nine.

For instance, take the number 54382. The sum of these digits is 22. Subtract 22 from 54382 and you get 54360. The sum of whose digits equals eighteen.

This can be made into a parlor trick by asking anyone to take any number, add the digits together, subtract the sum from the original figures, then give you all the digits but one of the new number and you will guess the other. You do this, of course, by adding together the digits given you and subtracting from the nearest multiple of nine. The only difficulty is when the digits given you add up to nine or a multiple of nine. The remaining digit may then be either nine or zero.

I have never heard anyone explain why this is and if any reader friend can explain this mysterious property of nine, I shall be most interested, although I doubt very much if I shall be able to understand the explanation. You see, I really am a woman.

A New "Indoor Sport."  
T. A. Dorgan, "The cartoonist," was dining alone in a restaurant in Fulton street the other night. A stranger dropped into the seat opposite and fell to discussing cartoons.

"You take my old friend 'Tad,'" said the stranger. "I like him personally. In fact we are the best of friends, but as an artist he is punk."

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## **The Evening Story** Winning Her Back. (By John Philip Arth.)

As a boy among boys, Clyde Drew never engaged in battle. Not that he took to his heels every time there was a chance for a scrap, but that he was a sensible, intelligent, and if there was a question at stake he was good at argument.

There were scrappers at college who called him the deacon and let him go his way in peace. He didn't row, box, run, jump, play football, swim or enter into athletics in any way. He had a good figure and more than the average amount of muscle.

He was a high school athlete, and he also passed a high examination. When young Drew left college he took a clerical position, and all his exercises consisted in walking.

"One day a friend took hold of his arm and found it as soft as a woman's." "Gee whiz! where is the muscle?"

"I don't have to handle the crowbar or a sledge here," was the reply.

"But supposing some one picked a fight with you?"

"Why should any one?"

"You may see some day. Maybe you'll carry a gun."

"No."

"Well, I'm not going around looking for trouble, but if there is need of it, I shall be on hand at the old stand."

The conversation made no impression on Mr. Drew. He could hardly conceive of a situation calling for muscle to get him out of a few weeks. Mr. Thorn did not object to the engagement, made without consulting him, but he said to the lovers:

"I think you have been over hasty. You know so little about each other that it's my wish that you should put the marriage off several months. When I was a young man I came very near rushing into a marriage that I should have repented the rest of my days."

And when the postponement had been agreed to the girl said to her lover:

"Clyde, are you going to look for faults in me from now on?"

"I couldn't find a single one if I looked ever so long," was the lover's reply.

"That is nice of you. If you have any faults I have not discovered them yet."

Did Miss Dora think it a fault that she was the man's ugly duckling?

Had she ever wondered if he was brave or otherwise?

Had she ever felt the sense of protection when riding or walking with him, a strong man in a sense?

She knew that he was fair looking and had a good figure, and that filled the bill physically.

The loving couple were out for a spin one afternoon when, as they reached a narrow part of the highway they encountered a young man in a buggy. He was given more than a look at the road but he was not satisfied with that. He brought his horse to a halt, and sat scowling for a minute before calling out:

"Hey, you dude, do you know that you're running the road?"

"There's plenty of room for you to pass," replied Mr. Drew.

"You are a liar and a hog, sir!"

"What the man is ugly drunk!" whispered Miss Dora.

She turned to her lover to find him pale-faced and his chin quivering.

He had never expected to be insulted, but here it was, good and hot.

"Are you going to keep me here all day?" snarled the stranger.

it or run. Because you were peaceful minded, you argued that all others were the same. "Am I not right?"

"You are, doctor."

"Well, in the first place, you were taken by surprise. You saw and heard what was taking place, but you could not credit it because it had never happened before, and it happened now without cause or warning. When the time came to use your muscles, you didn't have it with you, and that gave you a helpless feeling. Young man, you are not a natural coward, but you have been a very foolish person. Go and see the boxing master of a club."

And learn to fight?" asked Mr. Drew.

"Learn that a man who goes only to hunt with an unloaded gun is an idiot. You may never be called upon to fight, but if you are then you want to lick the other fellow."

Mr. Drew left the doctor's office for a club and gave him a licking. He has been put on the gloves with the instructor and others, and in time again was called upon to use his muscles.

"But this doesn't prove that you have grit," said his master. "I want you to put on the gloves with a slamsnort and give him a licking. He has been geying you ever since you began. He says you are a milk-and-water sissy, and that a boy 10 years old can make you cry a gun."

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"No one is keeping you," was answered, but in a very mild voice.

"I say again, you are a liar!"

## **Kansas Comment**

THE McELHENNEY CASE.  
The McElhenney case, which had the curious of eastern Kansas by the ears last week and the week before, developed a story of the most revolting detail, a rehearsal of a status of immorality without parallel among the lowly denizens of the prairie world—a rank, evil-smelling weed in a garden supposedly the purest morality—a prosperous, peaceful country community. This all goes to show that vice is not confined to the underworld of the big cities, to any particular class of people, that it is not bounded by any certain and fixed geographical marks, and while it may be encouraged and fostered by the red-hued glamour of city ways, the yellow journals, immoral books, so-called "sex problem" movies and a hundred and more influences, the seed root of it all is deeper than all this—in the home breeding and rearing. For is it not a fact that we take greater care in the more patient care of the breeding and rearing of horses and cows and pigs than we do in the breeding and rearing of children? Horses and cows and pigs are reared in the best of conditions, but children, like Topsy—just grewed.—Oswatimie Graphic.

From Other Pens

A MARTYR TO THE UPLIFT.  
Chicago is stirred as it has not been in many years by the death of Prof. Charles R. Henderson, of its university, who has died of overwork in trying to improve conditions among the poor of Chicago. Prof. Henderson occupied the chair of sociology at the university, a post which ordinarily contains academic interest in civilization. He was different from some of his cloth in that he was a practical man who went to work in Chicago during the severe stress of last winter and worked himself into his grave. Doubtless he would have survived had there been more personal assistance given. It is not infrequent that martyrdom is necessary to awake the slothful crowd to a realization of a great problem and it has been the case in Chicago.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

HOPKINSON SMITH.  
The versatility of Hopkinson Smith is inevitably dwelt upon in the obituary notices. Probably many artists with the pencil and brush have been equally gifted in other ways since many-sided Leonardo's day. Hopkinson Smith was not a man of distinction in his own era who, having the gift of clear and poetic vision, could use words as well as colors with artistic effect. His work was a noble gift was his wonderful and incessant energy. He had also the rather uncommon gift of patience. He did not "dash off" his pictures or his stories, any more than he hurried his work on the sea walls and lighthouses he built in his vocation as engineer. He retained his youth, in mind and body, and was so spry in his later days as so much a man of the hour that many persons will be surprised to learn that he had lived seventy-seven years. Possibly the reason for this was his "Rock Lighthouse," the narrative of Colonel Carter, or some one of his many admirable and strikingly individual pictures.

In the view of his contemporaries all that he did was so well done that no choice of a best was possible.—New York Times.

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